

OPIE READ STUMPS

The West for McKinley, Although Formerly a Democrat.

ADVOCATED IN A QUIET WAY

The Re-Election of the Present Presidential Incumbent—The Popular Novelist Interposed His Speeches With Homely Stories That Delighted His Audience.

From the Kansas City (Mo.) Star: Opie Read, novelist, humorist, story teller, has added politics to his accomplishments and likes it. Kansas, of course, was the scene of his new venture, and in the one short week of his engagement he made such a hit that he has been invited to stay a week longer. Mr. Read is a Democrat and preaches the doctrine of that faith, but it is not Bryan Democracy, and so his engagement is under Republican auspices. He began at Osborne, more than two hundred miles west of the Missouri river, Monday. Tuesday he spoke at Concordia, Wednesday at Washington, Thursday at Blue Rapids, Friday at Seneca, and Saturday night at Osage City. He had good meetings everywhere, and they were of a class of people rarely reached by the average political speaker. They were a reading class, and all had read his books. They came not only from the towns, but the farmers came in from the country, and the latter came early and were in possession of the best seats when the town people appeared. Many were turned away. After the meetings his admirers packed the stage to shake hands with him, and all mentioned his books. They knew all he has written, but "The Kentucky Colonel," and "The Jucklins" were the favorites. This is also the English judgment of his work, but not his own. He thinks his best book has not been published yet.

Mr. Read's speech is a series of stories, humorous or pathetic, pointing a political moral, and he does his work well. Last week his speech was forty-five minutes long, but this week, if he decides to stay, he will add about twenty minutes to it.

"Allen has taken more than his share of the time," he said Friday night, driving across the prairie from Seneca to Centerville, "and I am going to dig up another story."

"Allen" is Henry J. Allen, Governor Stanley's private secretary, who makes a speech of ninety minutes and never loses a hearer, except when a crying baby compels a mother to give up her seat. Allen is something of a story teller, too, and they make a good pair. Mr. Read has become very much attached to Mr. Allen and wants to send him to Congress. "I was so afraid the committee would send one of these 'stanch citizens' to travel with me," he said to the correspondent of The Star who joined him at Seneca Friday.

A Man of Great Stature.

Mr. Read is a native of Tennessee and shows it in his slow movement and musical speech. He is forty-seven years old, stands six feet three inches in his stockings, and weighs 210 pounds. He is clean shaven except for a mustache, and his hair is black, just beginning to show traces of gray. He combs his hair, but it will not stay in place. It spreads over the top of his head and hangs over the edges like a mat of buffalo grass. He is unaffected, and the attentions heaped upon him never turn his head. When he rises before an audience he stands modestly, smiling a bit, perhaps, until the applause subsides, and soon works away from politics to a story, which he tells without the trace of a laugh, but there is a look out of his eye which speaks his appreciation when his shot has gone to the mark. While the audience is convulsed with laughter he waits for a chance to resume, and when it comes he points his moral and then leads up to another story. His speech is full of melody and poetry of the old-fashioned negro of the south. In negro dialect he probably has no equal in the world. He says he acquired the dialect of the negroes in their cabins when he was a boy. Black children were the playmates of his youth, and in consequence he is very fond of the race, and gives liberally to what he calls "good niggers." "It don't offend them to call them 'niggers' if you don't do it sneeringly," he said.

"But they are not all good," he continued. "When a black man loses mu-

There are never any external signs of Cancer until the blood is poisoned and the system thoroughly contaminated by this deadly virulent poison. Then a sore or ulcer appears on some part of the body; it may be small and harmless looking at first, but as the cancerous cells form and are deposited by the blood near the sore, it increases in size and severity, with sharp shooting pains. No matter how often the sore is removed by the surgeon's knife or flesh destroying plasters, another comes and destroys the patient. The real disease is in the blood, and the treatment must begin there. The poisoned blood must be invigorated and purified, and when this is done cancerous cells can no longer form and the sore will heal naturally and permanently.

Mrs. Sarah N. Kewling, of Windsor Ave., Bristol, Tenn., writes: "I am at present 47 years old, and for three years have suffered with a cancerous sore on my jaw, which the doctors said was incurable, and that I could not live more than six months. I accepted of your medicine, and after taking a few bottles the sore began to heal, and the pain was removed. In a short time the cancerous cells were completely destroyed. I have gained in flesh, my appetite is excellent, sleep is refreshing—in fact, an enjoying perfect health."

overcomes this destructive poison and removes every vestige of it from the system, makes new, rich blood, strengthens the body and builds up the general health.

If you have a suspicious sore, or have inherited any blood taint, send for our free book on Cancer, and write to our medical department for any information or advice wanted; we make no charge for this service. Your letter will receive prompt and careful attention, and will be held in strictest confidence.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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sic and fun he is a bad citizen, and you will find a razor some place about him. There are exceptions, however; most of them are 'good niggers' and I am their friend and they know it. I would divide my last cent with my old negro friends. I saw a bad case of 'Go 'way, white man' in a Chicago elevated car a few nights ago, and for once he met more than his match.

"The conductor, or guard, was a little, stocky-built Dutchman, not near the match for the negro, who sat between two pals, whom he dominated. He put his big foot out and the guard tripped on it.

"Don't ket kay," the Dutchman said.

"The negro covertly exhibited a razor to his companions and began to abuse the little Dutchman. In a moment the little Dutchman came into the car, accompanied by a giant guard from the forward car.

"You get off here," the giant said to the negro.

"No—I-I get off at Forty-seventh street. This is Sixth."

"N-a-no—I—get off at Forty-seventh street."

"No, you get off here," and the big guard reached down onto the negro's neck and, dragging him to the gates, threw him over the gates to the platform.

"The train moved on and the two remaining negroes sat in silence to Forty-seventh street, where one of them heaved out a sigh and said: 'That was a powerful man.'"

The Lawyer and the Thief.

Mr. Read begins his speech by saying that he is not a politician and is before the audience simply as an American citizen, proud of his country, which, with bold and majestic strides, has entered the front door of the world and will not now fly out the kitchen window. The old American spirit of the twentieth century has no patience with men who go around apologizing for this new greatness. When he left Spain on that adventure four hundred years ago the world was old and hopeless. Nothing more was ahead. When he returned and told of his discovery the world was young again.

Here came his first story, telling of the Kentucky justice who tried his cases by parliamentary practice. A man was on trial for stealing a hog. The thief's lawyer moved to dismiss the case.

"Do I hear a second?" the justice asked.

"I second the motion," the thief said. "It is moved and seconded that this case be dismissed. All who are in favor of it say 'Aye.'"

"Aye," the lawyer and his client yelled.

"The prisoner is discharged," the justice said.

The moral pointed by this story was that the people who are interested in the question of expansion are not consulted by Mr. Bryan and his party leaders, and then he continued, saying that America was born civilized and born expanding. A nation that stands still degenerates. It is short-sightedness, not progress, that ruins a country. Mr. Bryan's crowd doesn't learn, they won't learn. You say to a man, "Here read this book." He replies: "No, I know all I can handle already." That man doesn't want to learn, and he calls people who do "imperialists."

They have resurrected from its dark and foul grave the corpse of 16 to 1. "Look here, this thing's alive," they say. "It's talking. Don't you hear it?"

"No," you answer, "we don't hear it, but we smell it. Take it away."

A man once stopped at an Arkansas hotel and ordered a rabbit for his supper. He tasted it and was satisfied until he found a cat's skin on the fence corner the next morning.

"Look heah, you nigger," he said to the boy who had served him, "you gave me a cat for supper last night."

"Huh! How, how yo' know?"

"Why, I found the skin in the fence corner this morning."

"Well, boss, if you don't know de difference between a rabbit and a cat till you see um skin, guess it don't make no difference which I gives you to eat."

In their imperative need of an issue they have served a cat, and after a while we will find the skin in the fence corner.

The Tennessee Moonshiner.

Mr. Read tells a pathetic story of a Tennessee moonshiner's plea before a judge. The man, in addition to making illicit whisky, had killed a revenue officer. The judge said to the prisoner:

"My man, I am sorry to find you here, a prisoner charged with crime. You are not a bad man."

"Jedge, I don't come here to beg," the moonshiner replied, with simple dignity. "I has done no wrong. I live on my little place up thar on the side of the mountain. My field slants this way and th' sun hits it that way, and on the sidehill I till my cawn and make my 'liquo', as my father and grandfather done befo' me. It is th' only way to sell our cawn, jedge, for our little place is far from a market. But no harm was done, jedge, no harm, for it was pow'ful good 'liquo', pow'ful good 'liquo' and the gov'ment was not complainin'."

"Many years ago, jedge, when my grandfather had the place, he and his two boys was tillin' of th' cawn 'an makin' of th' 'liquo', and one day he heard a drum and music up in the road, and granddaddy he went up to the top of th' hill and clum on th' fence and saw sojers goin' by."

"What's the mattah, what's all this 'bout'?" he asked, and they said that 'Ol' Andy Jackson needed sojers down at New Orleans."

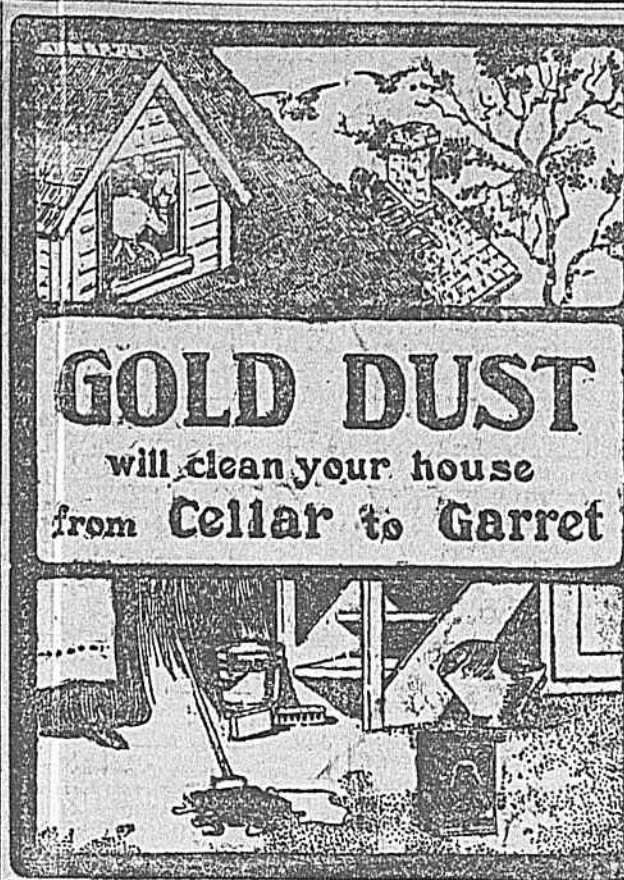
"Granddaddy comes back to th' field, and he says to th' boys to come on with him and help Andy Jackson."

"Well, granddaddy le' one of th' boys down thar, jedge, and he and th' other comes back to th' ole place, on the sidehill and went to tillin' of th' cawn and makin' of th' 'liquo', jedge, as befo'." And there was no harm, jedge, no harm, for it was pow'ful good 'liquo', pow'ful good 'liquo' and nobody was complainin'."

"Well, dad's time come on. His two boys, too, dad had, jedge, and they went to tillin' of th' cawn and makin' of th' 'liquo' as granddaddy done, and that was no harm, jedge, no harm, for it was pow'ful good 'liquo', pow'ful good 'liquo', and th' gov'ment was not complainin'."

"One day, dad heard drums up in th' road and went up and clum on th' fence, and saw sojers marchin' by, as granddaddy done befo' him."

"Well, what's the mattah?" dad ask-



ed, and th' told him that the gov'ment wanted sojers for Mexico, and he took his two boys and went to wash.

"He le' one of his boys in a grave down thar, jedge, and he brings me back to th' ole place and we goes to tillin' of th' cawn and makin' of th' 'liquo' as befo', and thar was no harm, jedge, for it was pow'ful good 'liquo', pow'ful good 'liquo', and thar was no complainin'."

"And then my time comes. Me and my three boys took th' ole place, and went to tillin' of th' cawn and makin' of th' 'liquo', as dad and granddaddy done befo' us, and thar was no harm, jedge, for it was pow'ful good 'liquo', pow'ful good 'liquo', and thar was no complainin'."

"Then in '61 one day we heard a big noise of drums, and I goes up th' hill and clum on th' fence, and thar I saw a great lot of boys in blue."

"Well, what's the mattah?" I says, an' th' told me th' wanted men for the Union, half the cawn had split off from the other half, and thar was goin' to be a wah right here at home."

"Well, jedge, it was th' same story of dad and granddaddy. I took my boys and went to wash for the flag. And I le' two of my boys at Shiloh, and comes back with th' las' one to th' ole place, and we went to tillin' of th' cawn and makin' of th' 'liquo' as befo', jedge, and thar was no harm, for it was pow'ful good 'liquo', pow'ful good 'liquo', and thar was no complainin'."

And Class Hatred Helped to Defeat Bryan, Say the English Papers. McKinley's Victory No Ordinary Party Triumph.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The afternoon papers voice the general sentiment of England with the result of the presidential election in the United States. The Evening News says:

"Anti-imperialism, the attempt to

class hatred, which stirred the passions of all the worst elements of the population," the Times expresses the opinion that had Bryan been elected, even all the checks of the constitution could not have restrained him from experiments fatal to social order and material prosperity, and it concludes:

"From that danger the country is mercifully delivered, certainly for the present, and we may hope for all time."

HOW IT STANDS.

McKinley Sure of 292 Electoral Votes With a Show of Carrying Kentucky — Pennsylvania Gave Over 300,000 Majority.

The people of the country yesterday gave evidence of their belief in the maintenance of the administration of William McKinley for four years longer, and exhibited a good judgment in forever burying from sight William Jennings Bryan, the leader of the Popocrats.

The vote in the electoral college is estimated as follows: McKinley, 292; Bryan, 142; doubtful (Kentucky), 13. Total vote, 447; necessary to choice, 224.

Gains in congressional districts will increase the Republican majority in the next house to at least 45. Captured legislatures will increase the Republican strength in the senate by several votes.

Pennsylvania still leads the Republican column, the indications being that the state's plurality for McKinley and Roosevelt will exceed 300,000. The Republicans also gain six congressmen.

New York stood by the Republican ticket, and although the city of New York gave Bryan a small plurality, the state is for McKinley by about 150,000. Odell for governor ran ahead of McKinley and his plurality may be considerably in excess of 150,000.

New Jersey is almost solidly Republican, the plurality for McKinley being about 50,000, while the control of the legislature assures the election of a United States senator to succeed William J. Sewall.

Connecticut went Republican, the latest returns showing a plurality of 23,000 for McKinley.

Maryland again went Republican, the plurality for McKinley being estimated at 15,000.

Ohio stood by McKinley with a plurality of about 75,000. A feature of the election in this state is the probable defeat of Congressman Lentz, Democrat, of the Columbus district.

New England is solidly Republican, for although the anti-imperialists were able to reduce the McKinley vote, especially in Massachusetts, they were not influential enough to turn any state over to Bryan.

West Virginia remains on the side of prosperity, Republican Chairman Dawson estimating the McKinley plurality at 17,000. The Republicans also elected the four congressmen and a majority of the legislature on joint ballot, thus assuring a Republican successor to United States Senator Elkins.

Michigan was carried by the Republicans by a majority of at least 65,000, against 41,000 four years ago.

North Dakota is conceded to the Republicans by the Democrats, and the Republicans claim their plurality is about 10,000.

California is in the prosperity column by about 10,000 plurality. San Francisco alone giving a Republican plurality of about 7,000.

Wyoming is safe for McKinley and a Republican congressman by about 2,000 plurality.

Nebraska has repudiated Bryanism, the returns so far in indicating a Republican plurality of 7,000.

Nevada gave a small plurality for Bryan. Montana is Democratic by about 20,000 and Colorado by 30,000. The southern states, as usual, are in the Democratic column.

Kansas is claimed by the Republicans by a plurality of 30,000, with a solid Republican congressional delegation and the control of the legislature on joint ballot.

Utah surprised Republicans and Democrats alike by giving McKinley a plurality of about 4,000.

Kentucky has elected a Republican governor and a member of the court of appeals, thus gaining control of the highest court of the state. The presidential vote is close and a small plurality is claimed by each party.

Iowa broke its record by giving McKinley a plurality of 100,000 and electing a solid Republican delegation in Congress.

Minnesota, Washington and Oregon are in the Republican column by good pluralities.

Missouri Republicans made large gains, but probably not sufficient to carry the state.

Illinois gave McKinley a plurality of about 100,000 and elected the Republican state ticket by a slightly smaller margin.

Indiana gave a Republican plurality of at least 30,000.

Wisconsin gave McKinley a plurality of at least 105,000. The legislature is overwhelmingly Republican and the congressional delegation solidly Republican.

South Dakota is in the Republican column by a good margin.

Black-Clark.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Nov. 7.—Mr. William S. Black and Miss Mary R. Clark were married at Christ's Protestant Episcopal church this evening, the rector, Bishop C. C. Penick, performing the ceremony. Miss Elizabeth Dart, of Cumberland, Md., was maid of honor, and Mrs. John A. Clark, a sister of the bride, was matron of honor. The groom was attended by Mr. Edward Baldwin, of Wheeling, as best man. The ushers were Messrs. Jerry H. Wheelright, Arch Brownfield, W. J. Clark, Charles Kalkman, A. T. Watson and Robert T. Cunningham. The wedding music was sung in chorus by a number of friends of the couple. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, with potted plants and cut flowers.

Lentz Triumphed by Eleven Votes.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 7.—Complete unofficial figures give Lentz, (Dem.) eleven over Tompkins (Rep.), in the Twelfth congressional district. Owing to the close vote the official count will be made to-morrow.

THE little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless. Positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, etc.

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"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor. All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it."

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